

STANDISH, MYLES

THE GRAVE OF MYLES STANDISH.

To the Editor of the Transcript: The committee appointed by the citizens of Duxbury to mark the grave of Myles Standish is proceeding with the work. The chief representatives of the Standish family in New England, New York and elsewhere are in hearty accord with the work. A very simple, artistic and enduring form of memorial has been planned and submitted by Mr. Van Campen Taylor of New York. Among the members of the Standish family contributing to the work are Dr. Myles Standish, Mr. James Myles Standish, Mrs. Russell Sago, Mrs. Wood and others. The committee is in receipt of letters of inquiry about the grave of the captain. All the information about the grave is found in a pamphlet published by Damrell & Upham, corner School and Washington streets, Boston. The committee yet needs about one hundred and fifty dollars. Among the subscribers are the members of the committee and many of the citizens of Duxbury, also Mr. Charles A. Dana, Boston; Mr. J. Henry Stickney, Baltimore; Mr. Charles A. Vialle, Boston; Mr. W. A. Rust, Boston, and others.

All information will be gladly given by the committee, and it hopes to have as enduring a memorial at the grave of Myles Standish as the brave captain of the Pilgrims deserves. Subscriptions will be received and acknowledged by any of the committee. The committee consists of Mr. William J. Wright, Duxbury; Mr. Walter J. Graves, Duxbury; Mr. John H. Parks, Island Creek; Mr. George Lloyd Winsor, Duxbury; Captain Edward Baker, North Duxbury, and Rev. E. J. V. Huiginn, Duxbury.

E. J. V. HUIGINN.

25 November, 1892.

A VISIT FROM STANDISH.

[For the Transcript.]

I was sitting in my chamber
In the silence of the night,
Weaving fancies and unweaving,
When a visitor bedight
In a buckram suit made entry
And stood stock-still like a sentry.

Thus he spoke to me, surmising
Who he was and why he came—
"Pardon, sir, this rudish conduct,
Standish, M. they call my name,
I've just come from o'er the border,
Pray excuse my robe's disorder.

"I was walking out with Pluto—
You recall him, I daresay—
Very lately when he told me
That a man had called that day,
Who from Duxbury had travelled
And this tale to him unravelled.

"That the thankless Duxbury people
Cared so little for my dust,
That they never fenced the graveyard
Which I fattened—'t was n't just—
Till the D. R. S.* of leisure
Lately did it for their pleasure.

"That not even was a token
Placed beside the lonely bed
Where I—Standish M. of Standish—
Mouldered 'neath their cattle's tread!
Till your friends, sir, came and did it,
Though my own blood had forbid it.

"And I've come tonight to see you,
And to thank you face to face:
We'll be all so pleased to know you
When you reach our little place:
Wife and babes 'll gladly greet you—
Ta, ta! Happy, sir, to meet you!"

*Duxbury Rural Society.

E. J. V. HUIGINN.